

Talks With Puzzlers

By Frances Carroll

USUALLY on Saturday I find it rather difficult to know just what to talk about with the puzzlers.

On Monday morning, when the answers begin to come in, and until Friday, when the winners are chosen, there are innumerable things, and the lack of time and space generally prevent me from saying all I want.

Today, however, the very first thing I want to do is to let you read portions of a letter I received from the author of the boat contest of this week.

Author of
Puzzle Surprised.

My Dear Miss Carroll:

I received a genuine surprise Sunday afternoon when hurriedly skimming over The Times my eyes suddenly came across the name—my name—"Max Bernstein."

It was quite a few moments before I could realize why that name was there, and then I rejoiced. I thank you for selecting my puzzle. Of late the puzzles have certainly been hard, and I made attempts at all, but for various reasons did not complete them or send them in. This week I shall sit back and watch the others work, as it were.

Having been encouraged thus far, I shall try to think up another easy puzzle for the "kiddies," for why not give them a square deal?

I am wondering just what use to make of the money. Can you suggest something?

Yes, Mr. Bernstein, I can suggest a use for the \$2 you will receive this week for the puzzle. Follow the example of a former puzzle author and contribute it to the "House That Gill Built" fund.

Letter From

Youthful Puzzler.

Here is an interesting letter from one of the very youthful Miss Puzzlers:

Dear Miss Carroll:

I cannot express the pleasure I have derived from the puzzles which have appeared in The Woman's Page each Sunday. The moment I get my hands on the Sunday edition, I turn to that page to see who the winners are and the new puzzle. I try every week to unravel the mystery, but do not always send in my answers. This week the puzzle was very easy, but just the same numbers—eleven and twenty-seven—"not me."

The loved ones are my favorites, because after you get them untwisted you almost know they are right. How about a loved fish contest?

Very truly,
HELEN BENTON.

So little Miss Benton enjoys the puzzle department. I'm so glad, and hope some day to see her among the winners. I will keep in mind the suggestion about the fish contest, and will watch out for one.

RECENT RAINS HELP THE PRODUCE MARKET

According to the Center Market dealers, the recent rains have given the produce market a new lease on life.

Everything that has come in from the nearby country during the last few days, they say, has been in a far better condition than during the preceding spell of hot weather.

Sweet corn, especially, has been benefited by the rain, although the preceding spell of hot weather had just beginning to appear, as lima beans and other crops are still abundant and the prices remain the same. Sweet potatoes are selling at from 9 to 12 cents a quarter peck.

Eggs are worth 23 to 25 cents a dozen; spring chicken 21 to 23 cents a pound; hens 17 cents a pound and roosters 14 cents a pound. Butter is bringing from 30 to 35 cents a pound.

BEDTIME STORIES Sammie and Susie Littletail

By HOWARD R. GARIS

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THE LITTELTAIL FAMILY MOVE.

DID you ever see a rabbit family move? No, I don't suppose you have, for not every one has had that chance. But the Littletail family, as I told you last night, had to move because a big cat had found out where their burrow was.

"I shall go out at once, and see if I can find a new place," said Uncle Wiggly Longears, after the excitement caused by Sammie bringing home the cat had calmed down. "We need a larger burrow, anyhow. I will find a nice one."

"Can you go out with your rheumatism?" asked Mamma Littletail. "You are very lame, you know. Perhaps you had better wait until Papa Littletail comes home tonight, and he will go."

"No, we must lose no time," said the uncle. "I can manage with my crutch, I guess."

So he started from the burrow, leaning heavily on a crutch Nurse Jane Fuzzy-Wuzzy had gnawed from a corn-stalk.

"Be careful of the cat," cautioned Susie.

"Oh, no cat can catch me, even if I have the rheumatism very bad," said her uncle, and he limped away. While he was gone, Nurse Jane Fuzzy-Wuzzy promised to keep a sharp lookout for that cat.

Uncle Wiggly Longears was gone for some time. When he returned to the burrow Papa Littletail had come back from where he worked in a carrot factory, which was a new position for him, and he had heard all the news.

"Well," he asked Uncle Wiggly, "did you find a new burrow?"

"Yes," answered the uncle, "I did. I will tell you all about it. I walked a long distance, and I met several friends of mine. I asked them about burrows, and they said the best ones were all taken. I was afraid you would have to find a new one, until I met Mr. Groundhog, and he told me of one next to him, on the bank of a little pond. We can get it cheap, he said."

"Has it all improvements?" asked Mamma Littletail. "I want a good kitchen and a bathroom."

"It has everything," said the uncle. "It has three doors, and we can get in and out easily. It has a cabbage field and a turnip patch. We can bathe in the pond, so we don't need a bathroom."

PRIZES OFFERED PUZZLE SOLVERS

Weekly prizes of five, three, and two dollars, respectively, are given to the contestants for the puzzle printed on the Woman's Page of the Sunday evening edition of The Times each week for the three solutions adjudged worthy.

The contest, which closes at 3 o'clock on Friday of each week, is open to all who care to solve the puzzles. The awards are based, primarily, on correctness, timeliness, and neatness. Originality in presentation also receives consideration in awarding the prizes.

Daily Horoscope

"The stars incline, but do not compel."

Sunday, August 21, 1910.

Let malice not thy way decide
Judge thou not harshly, nor deride.

THE day is under aspects that are held astrologically to make for freedom, liberty, and expansion. Malicious and spiteful persons may be more than usually prone in these circumstances to whisper evil and suggest unkind thoughts or unworthy doubts of others.

Saturn is in a position that rules well for those of steady, clear mind, but tends to increase the weakness of persons given to introspection or gloom. They should determine strongly today to abolish all thoughts tending to unhappiness.

There is an excellent sign over all things of the open land. Pleasure and recreation should be found by those who make short journeys in this period.

The Sun is in a place of favor for all who are simple-minded, frank, generous, and contented.

There is an augury favorable to those who wish to seek favors or help, and a sign of "great content" for those in superior position who show sympathy and give comfort.

Magistrates and other persons in high places should be gently inclined under these aspects.

Mars is in a position indicating the necessity for caution in anything that involves personal danger. Weapons should not be handled today under any circumstances, and "lead" should be under an evil sign.

Gossip is also under a malign sign. It will be well to avoid entirely any discussion of the affairs of others in these twenty-four hours.

Real estate matters are under a good sign today.

Aged persons are under auguries and influences that tend for clear judgment and peace of mind.

Dissemination is under menacing influences. The household the augury is held to be good for roasting, baking, stewing and doing anything with fowl and fish.

Persons with this birth-date are under the rule of stars that generally exert their best power of those who pursue some object greater than that of merely amassing money or gaining small worldly advantages.

Water-moons and carriages are still abundant and the prices remain the same. Sweet potatoes are selling at from 9 to 12 cents a quarter peck.

Eggs are worth 23 to 25 cents a dozen; spring chicken 21 to 23 cents a pound; hens 17 cents a pound and roosters 14 cents a pound. Butter is bringing from 30 to 35 cents a pound.

DAILY FASHION TALK

By Frances Carroll



Cost of This Dress in Three Kinds of Material

HIMALAYI CLOTH.

11 yards of Himalayi Cloth, 27 inches wide, 50c yard.....\$5.75
% yard All-over Lace, 18 inches wide, \$1.50 yard......34
2 yards Braided Net, 28c yard......68
May Mantion Patterns, Nos. 6012-6065, 10c each......20
Total.....4.67

ZEPHYR GINGHAM.

11 yards of Zephyr Gingham, 27 inches wide, 50c yard.....\$5.75
% yard All-over Embroidery, 22 inches, 75c yard......48
2 yards of Embroidery Banding, 15c yard......30
May Mantion Patterns, Nos. 6012-6065, 10c each......20
Total.....2.56

CREAM SERGE.

8 1/2 yards Cream Serge, 36 inches wide, 75c yard.....\$6.38
% yard Silk Embroidered All-over Lace, \$2.00 yard.....1.25
2 yards Silk Embroidered Banding, 50c yard.....1.00
May Mantion Patterns, Nos. 6012-6065, 10c each......20
Total.....8.83

THE TIMES INQUIRY COLUMN

Answers to Questions
Asked by Its Readers

Beaten Biscuits.

Miss Middleton—I am glad to publish a recipe for Beaten Biscuits and am sorry of the delay in receiving the query.

One pint of flour, one cupful of water, one teaspoonful of salt.
Mix into stiff dough; transfer to a floured block of wood and beat with a rolling pin steadily for ten minutes, shifting the dough often and turning it over several times.

Roll the dough half an hour in the regulation time, but ten minutes are enough.

But into round cakes, and bake in a brick oven.

I do not know how the Maryland Biscuit is made in the baking establishment, nor do I know whether they use baking powder. They refuse to make public their recipes.

Cause of Thinness.

Married—Thinness is often caused by insufficient nourishment, or by fatigue, either physical or mental, by nervous and bilious temperament or a melancholy disposition. Remember the old adage that "bones and a sweet temper never dwell under the same roof." And the other well-known advice, "Laugh and grow fat."

Retire early, rise late, but always at a regular hour. Take exercise. Have your meals served each day at the same hour and eat good food abundantly, but not to excess. Food that is easily digested, such as soups, tapioca, oatmeal, gruel and rice are best.

Meat must occupy a secondary place in this diet, and must be of good quality. Breakfast should be composed of coffee with plenty of cream, or chocolate, two eggs and plenty of bread and butter. At lunch eat potatoes, besides the rest of the usual meal, and at dinner eat heartily, but avoid indigestible foods.

Sick Headache Treatment.

A Reader—Sick headache, while not dangerous, is one of the most disagreeable forms of illness. Some women are subject to it at such frequent intervals that they are incapacitated for several days at a time.

Unless the headache is known to come from some functional disorder, it can generally be traced to impaired digestion.

tion or a sluggish liver. These must be treated in the interim of the headaches, as at the time nothing but alleviating remedies are possible.

A treatment that is often successful is to abstain from red meats for a time and to be careful about taking foods that ferment easily. One man who had doctored for years for sick headaches was cured by his wife seeing to it that he drank a cup of hot water with a half teaspoonful of salt in it as soon as he arose in the morning.

A half lemon in a glass of cold water taken night and morning is another remedy that has proved helpful to many.

During the attack rest and quiet are of prime importance. In a darkened room, drink quantities of hot water, and apply either a hot-water bottle or an ice bag to the temples and the base of the brain.

Cloths wrung out of hot witch hazel often bring quick relief. Headache cologne, if rubbed on the temples in time, acts as a preventive, while some sufferers are helped by taking a cathartic at the first symptom.

In severe cases five or ten minutes' treatment with an electric battery is indicated. This is better than massage, as the pressure is sometimes too strong when the headache is bad.

In the first stages of sick headache it can often be averted by taking abdominal and neck exercises and by putting a mustard plaster over the stomach.

A Luncheon Menu.

Housekeeper—It is often puzzling to know just how to plan a luncheon menu that shall at once be inexpensive, dainty, and easily prepared. Here is a suggestion:

Tomato Bisque.
Boiled Salmon with Lemon Sauce.
Broiled Chicken.
Candied Sweet Potatoes.
Satinet. Fruit Salad. Cream Cheese. Cabinet Cream. Sugar Wafers. Cane Noir.

Cooking Advice.

A Constant Reader—Serve your soup clear, especially at this time of the year. You probably put a little too much sugar and butter in your cookies, and that causes them to be so brittle.

Can a Man Die of a Broken Heart?

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

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I F dying of a broken heart means death caused by sorrow from wounded affection or disappointment, then, doubtless, many men have died in this manner.

Sometimes a man (usually a very young man) commits suicide when he loses the woman he loves, and older men have been known to invite death by drink and reckless conduct from the same cause.

The death of the "Best Man" in the Chicago tragedy must have been the result of a painful disillusionment as much as from the loss of the woman he had loved. Any woman who knows that a man loves her and desires to make her his wife is hopelessly cruel, selfish and devoid of all worthy impulses when she asks him to act in any capacity at her wedding to another man.

She is simply eaten by inordinate vanity and love of power.

When a man sees a new light from the divinity he has worshiped, and discovers only an image of clay, the shock must be great.

Doubtless this Best Man's heart action was poor; and so the shock killed him. There was a man whose love for a woman is told in an old song. His

rival's name was "Jim," and when his rival won the girl both loved, the disappointed man sang, "Lucky Jim, how I envy him."

But later Jim died; and the old lover married his early affinity; and gave some years, "passing Jim's grave," he sang again "Lucky Jim, and how I envy him."

Quite likely the Chicago bridegroom of today may soon sing that song as he passes by the grave of the Best Man who died of a broken heart.

No woman who would subject a discarded suitor to such an ordeal can make a husband happy for many years, unless a great reformation comes about in her character.

There are more men who marry for real love than women. Few women are capable of a profound love; and, perhaps, they are all the happier for not possessing that capability.

Women love to be married; and admire the men who show the good sense (according to their view) of loving them. Women love to be married; to change Miss to Mrs.; to have a world that they have a man away from other women. Eight marriages in every ten in the civilized world are based on some other platform than

great, compelling, all-absorbing love in the heart of the woman.

Sometimes this love grows in a woman's heart after marriage, and there have been cases known of the indifferent bride who became the devoted wife, and later died of a broken heart because her husband ceased to care for her. While men begin marriage with greater love than women, women have more unselfish love than men.

Life as it progresses the absorbing matter of romantic interest which it is to women. Hundreds of women have romantic ideas about marriage, while not really loving deeply, and they suffer in their pride and in their affections when the romantic side of life is neglected by the men they marry.

There is much for a mature man to do with his life, even after he is disappointed in love. Whether he is single or married, he can find distraction in business and at clubs, and he can travel and go about the world and make himself welcome in many circles.

The disappointed wife, after she passes her youth, has a less interesting life than a single woman. She is morbid and dwell upon her troubles, and can easily reduce her vital powers and fall into a decline.

Without thought of anything but the necessity of reaching the earth, or the least of getting within the limits of the atmosphere, the earliest possible moment I recklessly increased the speed. A few minutes' time saved might mean life for Jack. When I spoke to him he could not reply, but I saw that he was still breathing.

How that car did spin! Before I was aware that we were so near I suddenly perceived a vast dark mass filling all the sky that was visible from the window. The earth! At last we were almost there. We must be at the upper limit of the atmosphere, and I dared not continue this speed any longer.

I slowed down as rapidly as I could, and not a minute too soon for I could feel heat coming through the walls of the car, and at the same moment the stout glass of one of the windows cracked with a loud report. We were already in the red upper air, and the heat was becoming unbearable. It had begun to inflame the steel.

In a few moments more, I thought, I could see the earth, and a soft breeze of fresh air to revive Jack and to restore my own strength.

But, alas! Jack was already beyond all help. He had opened the window and drawn one refreshing breath. I turned to him and found him motionless. I could hear no longer. I turned out to rest, and row it slowly settled until last—last—what a home-coming!

Long I sat, discouraged and desperate, with bitter thoughts, and Jack lying there before me. Finally a soft breeze stealing into the open window roused me.

The electric lights were glowing in the car, but as I opened the door I found that it was night outside. I turned back and looked once more at Jack. I could hear no longer. I turned out the light and emerged from the car. It had landed in a swamp. Straggling trees covered with wild grape-vines were all about.

Headless of where I went, I began to run. Several times I fell headlong, but recovering my feet went on. After several hours I found a hunter's deserted hut and entered it. Tired out, I lay down there and slept until the morning sun awoke me.

It is needless to detail all that followed. I found out that the car had come down in the very heart of the Adirondack wilderness. I occupied a whole day in walking to an inhabited clearing. When I arrived there I had made up my mind what to do. I would keep the secret. As soon as I could reach New York I would hunt up Church. His amazing power seemed me boundless. He had long believed that he was a great man, and I agreed with me to keep the secret. To gether we went to the Adirondacks, found the car after a week's search, and Jack's body under a great pine tree and labored for two whole days to sink the accursed car forever from the sight of men. It was a great task.

Now at last I have told the story, and the world knows what a genius it lost in Edmund Stockton.

(The End.)

A COLUMBUS OF SPACE

By GARRETT P. SERVISS

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CHAPTER XXII—(Continued).

WE dashed into the apartment containing it, and now the value of Edmund's recent instructions was shown. But for them I should never have been able to manage it in such an emergency.

Madly we pushed it out into the furnace of heat, for our own tower had caught fire, and, as we sprang inside, I turned on the power. We rose like a shot out of the flame and smoke.

Immediately I swung round on the other side of the palace opposite to that where we had been. Here, as I looked, the flames had not yet mounted to the level that they had attained on the other side. But eight feet my eyes that for a moment drove me mad with rage.

There, with a single steersman in an airship, I was, and already we were spreading the conflagration. Forgetting in my fury what I had come for, I drove the car straight against him. He turned, with startled eyes, and saw us bearing down upon him. He read death in my face, and his own grew pale.

Desperately he endeavored to evade the encounter, but the steel car struck his boat like a ram, crushed in its side, and sent him and his sparks, still in penous spinning into the flames below.

I exulted over the deed! I felt an unbridled joy in having wrought vengeance upon this monster.

Then the thought of the time I had lost flashed upon me like an accusation. "In heaven's name," I cried, "I must save Edmund and Alai!"

I turned the car and sped for the platform on which I knew that they must be. We saw them! But—heaven forgive me—we were too late!

My vengeance had been purchased at a price of a minute earlier we might have saved them, but now they were in the midst of the flames. Edmund had Alai in his arms, and Alai, I turned the car and sped for the platform on which I knew that they must be.

Edmund saw me, and, as I live, he uttered a cry of joy. He raised his hand and seemed to be waving us off. He pointed upward, as if commanding us to go.

He opened his lips, but in his hand, my set teeth, and rushed the car into the flames.

At this instant the whole vast structure of the tower gave way. It crumbled like a pile of ashes, and they were gone!

CHAPTER XXIV.
The Earth.

FOR a few minutes after this terrible consummation none of us spoke a word. Henry had swooned. Jack stood motionless by my side.

Where the tower had been, and the leaping flames had raged, was a vast void, with wreaths of smoke rising from far below.

The conflagration was now spreading all round the city. A hundred towers were burning fiercely on all sides, the pointed flames licking the sky, and the air was filled with the roar of aeroplanes and the whir of airships that had also caught fire were dropping like flaming brands into the furnace.

The sight filled me at once with pity and with horror. I saw one large aeroplane, filled with people, driven, in spite of the exertions of its engineers, directly over a burning tower. A long spire of flame reached up and touched it. It seemed to shrivel like a moth in a candle, and down it went with all its living freight.

"Away from here!" cried Jack, at last recovering his voice.

I turned the car and we sped away. For hours we rushed on, not particularly to choose our direction. Our thought was to escape from this dreadful place. At last I slowed down to take our bearings.

We had left the doomed capital behind the horizon, and only the well-known expanse of land beneath, with a few aeroplanes sailing about over it, and the cloud-domes above our heads, reminded us that we were still on the plain of Venus.

In the meantime Henry had recovered from his swoon, but he seemed dazed and half mad, muttering continually under his breath, "Time in silence. Then we both burst into tears."

When we had recovered ourselves we got on some provisions and the little table on which Edmund had served our first morning meal after leaving the earth. We were ravenous with hunger, but it was a moth in a candle, and down it went with all its living freight.

Henry had to be forced to eat a few mouthfuls, for he was yet out of his head, and he seemed to be in a daze. When the meal was finished Jack and I decided upon our course.

"But are you sure that you can manage the car in open space?" Jack eagerly inquired.

"Yes, Edmund told me everything that I need to be doing, and my eyes filled with tears as I spoke."

"Then let us go," said Jack solemnly. "We will fly through the cloud-domes, and once more the magnificent spectacle of the great white globe will be before us. As rapidly as possible I accelerated the speed of the car, and the huge planet seemed to sail away into space."

Once above the atmosphere the heavens turned black and the stars sprang out to view. There was the earth, a brilliant, brilliantly shining moon close at her side, and I set our course for them.

"After a while the indicator showed a speed of twenty miles a second. 'I hardly dare to work it up higher,'

LOCAL MENTION.

Wanted—Everyone To Know We Darn Socks from the Star Laundry Co., 1015-1217 14th St. N. W.

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\$3.00 \$4.00 and \$6.00 Per Dozen

For decorations and original floral designs consult Gude. It's time now to think of fall wedding decorations.

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